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THE TRANS- FORMED Metamorphosis.

By Cyril Turner.

Malo virum pecunia, quam pecuniam viro
(indigenem)



Printed by Valentine Sims, and are to be
sold as the signs of the white Swan
on Adelphi hill.

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БИБЛІОТЕКА СІАНЯТ

Pursue the bloudy shat doth robbe the poore,
And drowns the orphants in their purple goare:



So shall thy race, wherein thou hast begunne,
In treaure end, for which thou so dost runne.



To the right Worshipfull,
sir Christopher Heydon, C.T.
wishes aternall fruition
of all felicitie.

THou, thou that art the Muses Adonie,
Their Pyramis, adorner of their mount,
Thou Christalizer of their Castalie,
Thou Lillian-rose, sprung from the horse-foote fount,
To thee, Artes Patron, Champion to the highest,
That giuest the Sunne a fairer radiance,
To thee Musophilus, that still appliest
Thy sacred soule, to be Trueths esperance.
To thee (this Epinycall register,
Rasde out by Eos rayes) I write to thee.
To thee (this hoarie Hiems, kill'd by Ver:) I
To thee (this metamorphosde Tragœdie)
To thee, I write my Apotheusie:
Mæcenas, strengthen my Tyrocinie.

Your Worships cuer,

Cyrill Turner.

କୁରୁତେବେଳେ ପାଦମଧ୍ୟରେ ପାଦମଧ୍ୟରେ

The Author to his Books.

O were thy margents, clifffes of itching lust;
Or quotes to chalke out men the way to sinne;
Then were there hope, that multitudes wold thrust
To buy thee: but sith that thou dost beginne
To pull the curtaines backe, that closde vice in;
Expect but towis: for tis the haire of crime,
To shunne the breath that doth discloude it sinne.
What? (will he say) a recluse from the time?
Nor canst thou hope that thy weake ioynted time
Shall please the more, because it shrowdes it selfe
Vnder his shade, whose mighty armes do clime,
Eu'n to the highest heau'n; disdaining pelfe;
For heau'ny mindes, the brightlier they do shine:
The more the world doth seeke to worke their tine:
This onely be thy hope; to please the best:
And to be safe from malice of the rest.

To the Reader.

I T may be (Reader) I may gall those men, (touch;
Whose golden thoughts think no man dare them
It may be (too) my fearelesse ayre-plume-pen,
May rouse that sluggish watch , whose tongues are
As are controll'd by feare or gold too much: (such,
Yet were Apells heire, he could not paint
Forth perfectly the worlds deformities;
For as the troubled mind, whose sad complaine
Still tumbles forth, halfe breathed accenties,
Th' *Idea* doth confuse and chaoize:
So will the *Chaos* of vp-heaped sinne
Confound his braine, that takes in hand to lay
A platforme plainly forth, of all (that in
This *Pluto-visag'd-world*)hell doth bewray,
When death or hell, doth worke it liues decay:
So perfect is our imperfectionesse,
For unperfection is sinnes perfectnesse.

To the Reader.

Yet seeke I not to touch as he that seekes,
The publike defamation of some one;
Nor haue I spent my voide houres in three weeks,
To shew that I am ynto hatred prone;
For in particular I point at none:
Nay, I am forc'd my lines to limit in
Within the pale of generalitie;
For should I seeke by vnites to begin,
To point at all that in their siane do lie;
And hunt for wickednesse aduisedly:
As well I (then) might go about to tell,
The perfect number of the ocean sands,
Or by Arithmētike goe downe to hell,
And number them that lie in horrors bands:
(Ne're to be ransom'd from the diuell's hands.)
Who finds him touch't, may blame himself, not me:
And he will thanke me, doth himselfe know free.

I thinke as I see thy affection.

Cyrill Turner.

The Prologue

O Who perswades my willing errorie,
Into this blacke Cymerianized night?
Who leades me into this concavitie,
This huge cancauitie, defect of light,
To feele the smart of *Flegetontike* fight?
O who, I say, perswades mine infant eie,
To gaze vpon my youths obscuritie?

What ashie ghost, what dead *Cadauerie*,
What Geomantike i:whowles in mine eares,
The echoized sounds of horrerie?
What chaoizd conceit doth forme my feares?
What obiect is't that thus my quiet teares?
Who puts a flaming torch into my hand,
And bids me charily see where I stand?

Who fills my nostrills with thicke foggy sentis?
Who feedes my taste with hony-smacking gall?
What pallid spirit tells of strange events?
Of euternal night? of *Phæbus* fall?
Where is that Symphonie harmonicall,
Wherewith my heart was wont to tune sweet Hies,
And teach my tongue to sing th' *Æternall*'s praise?

The Prologue.

O who, O who hath metamorphosed
My fense? and pluroniz'd my heau'nly shape?
What martyred Diana is't doth reade
The tragickie story of *Lucretia's* rape?
O who affrights me with blacke horrors gape?
Who tells me that the azure-colour'd skie,
Is now transform'd to hel's enuironrie.

Are not the lights that *Jupiter* appoynted
To grace the heau'ns, and to direct the light,
Still in that function, which them first annoyncted?
Is not the world directed by their light?
And is not rest, the exerclse of night?
Why is the skie so pitchie then at noone,
As though the day were gouern'd by the Moone?

Looke o're my sight you lycophosed eies,
And tell me whether it be blear'd or no:
Daz'led with obiects contrarieties,
With opposites of sad confused woe,
Or els transpiercing: ayre-cleare brightnes, loe:
My eies, whether they be, or dimm'd or cleare,
Clearely discerne a Transformation neare.

The Transformed

Metamorphosis.

O Whence comes this? awake sad Mercury,
And Pegasus-winged pace the milkie way:
Awake heau'ns harbenger; awake and fly
To high Iehouah: O awake I say;
Why sluggish Mercury, arte made of clay?
O where can life celestiall inherit,
If it remaines not in a heau'ny spirit?

Awake O heau'ny for loe the heau'ns conspire:
The silver-feather'd Moone, and both the Beare,
Are poasted downe for Phlegetonticks fire:
Loe, now they are vpon the azare spheares,
(My soule is vex'd with sense-confounding scarres)
Now are they mounted into Carol's waine,
With all the starres like to an armed traine.

B

The Transformed

I, euen those starres, which for their sacred mindes,
(They once terrestriall) were stellified,
With all the force of Æol's saile-swell'd windes
And fearefull thunder, vailer of earth's pride,
Vpon the loftie firmament do ride:
All with infernall concord do agree,
To shake the strength of heauens axeltree.

Eue'n from the artique to the antartique pole,
All in a rowe in ranke proportionate;
Subiect vnto th'vnited fast mooues controle,
Do stand the lights that should truth animate;
And by their shine her woe extenuate,
With Phœretonicke flame these tapers fed.
Celestiall light haue quite extinguished.

Metamorphosis.

O see how dampy shewes yond' torchies flame,
Earth stōp thy sent, for their infernall smell,
(O let me speake, lest I incurre heau'n's blame)
Will all thy arterizing strength expell;
And make thy heart an agonizing hell.

See how their sulphur gathers to a cloud;
And like blacke *Orus* vault the earth doth shrowde.

What *Morpheus* rockes the sence of heau'n asleepe?
Why heau'n awake; though long Endimionie
Hath pierc'd the clearenes of thy sight so deep,
Thou canst not see them provdly mounted high;
Yet maist thou heare them plot their treacherie.
Their treason's plotted, they with fiery shot,
Are driving *Phæbus* from his chariot.

The Transformed

Loe, loe, the skie whose hue was azuric,
Is cloath'd with moorie *Vesperugoe's* coate,
The formed *Chaos* of this *Cosmosie*,
Is now transform'd to tawny *Charon's* boate;
And on the *Acheronticke* maine doth floate.
Th' olimpique *Globe* is now a hollow ball:
The huge concauitie blacke *Plutoe's* hall.

Where shall I stand, that I may freely view,
Earths stage compleate with tragick sceans of woe?
No meade, no groue, whose comfortizing hev
Might make sad Terror my sad minde forgoe?
No sun-grac'd mount soule-frighting horrors foe?
No sun-grac'd mount? how can the sun mounts grace
When mountaines seeke his countnance to deface?

Metamorphosis.

See, see, that mount that was the worldes admire,
The stately Pyramis of glorious price;
Whose seau'n hill'd head did ouer all aspire,
Is now transform'd to Hydra-headed vice;
Her hellish brajne pan of each enterprice,
On sinnes full number (loc) she is erect;
For why? Great Pluto was her Architect.

Blacke Auarice, makes sale of Holines,
And steeming luxurie doth broach her lust;
Red-tyrannizing wrath doth soules oppresse,
And cankred Enuie falsifies all trust,
T'enrich her coffers with soule-choking dust;
On slouth and gluttonie they build their blisse,
Whereon they raise Ambitions Pyramis.

The Transformed

The frame's too slender for continuance,
Too earthly high for soules to builde vpon;
And of her strength my only esperance,
Is for to see her sad confusion;
Whose vapours are the worldes infection.
Her high esteeme, is of high heau'n despisde;
O see ere long her *Babel Babelliz'd.*

Where shall I finde a safe all-peacefull seat,
To whose prospect the worldes circumference
Presents it selfe? high *Ioue* I thee intreate,
Let *Dodon's* grove be lauish in expence;
And scaffoldize her oakes for my defence.
Forgiue me God, for help doth not consist:
In *Dodon's* grove, nor a *Dodonian* fist.

Metamorphosis.

Where shall I stand? O heau'n conduct me now,
Ioue Israellize my tongue, and let my voyce
Pruayle with thee; shew me the maner how
To free me from this change: O soule rejoyce,
For heau'n hath free'd me from blackhels annoies.
O see, O see, Ioue sets me free from thrall,
Such is his loue to them that on him call.

Loe where I stand vpon a stedfast rocke,
Whose peerlesse trust is free from all compare
See how it brookes the Phlegoneicke shockes, O
And bides what foemen to each other share;
The raging sea, on this side doth it dare,
On that side flames; such is the earthly state,
Of those from earth seekē them to alienate.

The Transformed

Noyv cies prepare, and be your sight as cleare,
As is the Skie, when none but Phaetons lire
Inhabites it : for O (alas) I feare
They will be dazzled with smoake and fier,
That with repulse of heau'n doth dounre retire,
Heart, teach my tongue directed by mine eie,
To be the Chorus to this tragedie.

Marke, you spectators of this tragicke act,
(If any self vnmetamorphosed)
O you whose soules with hel are not conuict,
Whose sacred light is not extinguished;
Whose intellectuall tapers are not fed
With Hells flame : marke the transformation,
Wrought by the charmes of this rebellion.

Metamorphosis.

That sacred female (which appear'd to him,
Who was inspir'd with heau'ns intelligence;
Who was the last that drunke vpon the brim,
Of deepe diuining sacred influence)
That heau'nly one, of glorious eminence.
She, whom *Apollo* clothed with his robe,
And plac'd hir feet vpon th'inconstant globe.

So cloath'd, his mantle might her shelter be,
To shrowde her safe from *Acheronticke* miltes:
So plac'd, hir ground might feede hir egencie,
Farre as it on necessitie consistes;
And not r'excelle the bound of heau'nly listes;
So cloath'd, she might to heau'n her minde applie:
So plac'd, to yse it in necessitie.

The Transformed

But (markē O woe) her high rebellious starres,
(Their minds ambitioniz'd) do seeke her fall,
And having dim'd the Sun with smoaky warres,
Haue found his dearest one how to appall;
And mixe her honny with the bitterst gall.
See, how her eies are fixed on the globe:
Which, which (O wo) hath quite trasformd her robe,

Her robe, that like the Sun did clearly shine,
Is now transform'd vnto an earthy coate,
Of massive gold: because she did combine
Affection with the Moon; and did remote (wrote
Her heart from heau'ns book where her name was
The globe takes head, that was her footstoole set:
And from her head doth pull her coronet.

Metamorphosis.

Her twelve starr'd glorious coronet, (which *Iose*
Did make her temples rich emvironrie:
And for the more to manifest his loue,
Encircled them with faire Imbrodetie,
Off sacred lights in ayre-cleare azurie.)
She is deprived off and doth begin,
To be the couerture of læthal sin.

The vines *Ædomides*; dead *Murcianies*;
Smooth *Philoxenus*; murders ground;
Disquiet *Eriphilia*; hel's Syrenie;
Philcremator; the soules deepe wound;
And whatso els in *Hydra*'s head is found;
Do maske themselues wthin her pleasing smile:
And so with deadly sinne the world beguile.

The Transformed

What dreadfull sight (O) do mine eies behold?
See, frosty age, that should direct aright,
The grassie braine (that is in vice so bold)
With heedle doctrine and celestiall light;
Hath bin conuersing wth hells taper, night,
Whose diuelish charmes, like Circes sorcerie,
Haue metamorphosde Eos Eonic.

Apolloe's herald, that was wont to cheare,
Night-wounded soules with bright celest' all raies:
Faire Phosphorus (whose looke was wont to feare
Infernall hagges, that haunt frequented wayes,
To drawe the soule to hell that wandring strayes;
Is metamorphosde to a torch of hell:
And makes his mansi'on-house blacke horrors cell.

Metamorphosis.

Whose deepe foundation's raisde from Phlegeton,
The fi'rie riuer of blacke *Orcus* hall:
Whence pillers rise, which do themselues vpon
Quadrangle wise, vphold *Erebus* wall:
Worldes trustlesse trust, soules vnmistrusted fall.
Birds, vines and floures, and eu'ry sundry fruite
Do compasse it; for best that place they sute.

For since the spirit the bodies prisner,
Of heau'nly substance wholy is compact:
And since the flesh the soules imprisoner,
Of excrementall earth is wholy fact:
Since this with that it selfe cannot contract,
Needes must the soule (the earthly prison doubled)
For all earths pleasures slime) be smothered.

The Transformed

From out the lake a bridge ascends thereto,
Whereon in female shape a serpent stands,
Who eies her eie, or viewes her blew vain'd brow,
With sence-bereauing gloses she inchaunts,
And when she sees a worldling blind that haunts
The pleasure that doth seeme there to be found:
She soothes with Lencrocutanized sound.

Thence leades an entrie to a shining hal,
Bedeckt with flowers of the fairest bew,
The Thrush, the Lark, and nights-joy nightingale,
There minutize their pleasing laies anew,
This wwelcome to the bitter bed of rue;
This little roome, will scarce two wights containe,
T'enjoy their ioy, and there in pleasure raigne.

Metamorphosis.

But next thereto adioynes a spacious roome,
More fairely farre adorned then the other:
(O woe to him at sinne-awhaping doome,
That to these shadowes hath his mind giu'n ouer.
For(O) he neuer shall his soule recouer:
If this sweet sinne still feedes him with her smacks
And his repentant hand him hales not backe.

The fraudfull floore of this deceitfull place,
Is all of quagmires, to intrap the wight
That treads thereon: yet couer'd o're with graffe
Of youthful hew, al pleasing to earth's sight,
For so doth satan worke his diu'lisch spight.
This roome will centuries of worlds containe,
How small mirths place, how large the place of paine!

The Transformed

Who ere's deceiu'd by this illusion,
Must surely fall into this deepe abiss,
Downe to the horror of deepe Phlegeton,
Whose fi'ry flames like vultures gnaw on flesh,
Yet iote of it never consumed is.
O let no wight trust to this worldly sheene:
For such ioyes hate, of God best loued beene.

Erinnis puruyor, young elth I meane,
Teares vp our mothers wombe to finde his slime!
And doth ysearch her bowells all vncleane,
For noysome filth; the poysone of our time,
(Base dunghill slau) for meanes for his to clime;
So may he well, for now earths baddest good,
Makes eu'ry peasant seeme of gentle blood.

Yet

Metamorphosis.

Yet certes, if the naked truth I say,
Nor from the golden mine comes gentry title, O
Nor can this age, the next, and so for ay,
Each his succeeding age with it indu; O
For it's no heritage to heires t' ensue,
But shines in them to heau'n their minde that gitter; O
Then who doth so, in him doth gentry little to the world

O, that old age (that kept the treasures)
Of great Apollo once,) whose falting tongue,
Intreats old earth performe his obsequies,
Should now by hell be metamorphosde young,
And with desire of soule-infecting doing,
Seeke vnto vice, weake infancie to winne,
And make his heart Epithess of sinne.

C

The Transformed

The oldest man, saith ech day, one day more,
One day?nay sure a twelue-months time t'will be,
Ere senient death will call me at my doore;
Craz'd drooping age, why can thine eies not see
Pale death arresting tender infancie?
O that his memory thee still would tell,
Now out of me might death my breath expell.

Where are the centinels?the armed watch,
Who draw their breath from *pharus* treasurie?
Somnus, awake, vnlocke the rustie larch,
That leades into the caues somniferie,
Rowze vp the watch,lull'd with worlds Syrenie,
Somnus,awake:pull off their golden maske,
And bid them strait findere size their taske.

Metamorphosis.

Somnus, awake: hell and the world conspire:
Pan is transform'd, and al his flocke neere drownd;
Pan that from heau'n receiu'd his due paid hyre,
He that was wont, vpon the fertile ground
Of Areadie to feed, wherein was found,
No golden India that might preuent,
That high estate of poore, meane, rich content.

Pan, that was wont to make his quiet life,
Th'exordium of ech soule-sweet argumene:
Pan, that was wont to make his roide offrise,
The period of ech sentence of Content;
Temper'd with surrop of heau'n's document,
Pan, that was once a cleere Epitimie:
Is now transform'd to hot Epithymie.

C 2

The Transformed

O, where are they, Apollo did appoint,
To guard Arcadia's sea-enuiron'd banckes?
The oceans monarch, whom Jove did annoiint,
The great controller of the whaly ranckes
Is landed on Arcadia's tender flankes.
Enuiies protector, Pan, with gold hath fedt
And Pan with gold is metamorphosed.

Wealth's shipwracke; India's minerie;
The pearly pibble which the Ocean keeps;
The Treasure-house of Neptunes Thetisie;
The faire sweete poison of th' infernall deepes;
Hell's tvincklyng instrument that never sleepes;
Is that great gift Trident; fer presents,
To make faire passage for his foule intents.

Metamorphosis.

O see that head that once was couered,
With fleecy wooll, that hung on earth-low brakes,
Is scarce contented now, it selfe to wed,
With what *Eriphila* from India takes,
Now *Pan* of gold, himselfe a Cor'net makes.
His eies that 'fore were cleare lycophosie,
Now cannot see but in a minery.

His hand, to paves, his sheep-hooke to a mace,
Are metamorphosed; his heart (whose height
Did ne're before o're-peere *Aradina's* face,)
With cloud-high thoughts aspiring high is straight,
And chaoiz'd *Idea's* of conceit,
Doth make his gesture seem a troubled skie;
And fills his count'nance with sad meteorne.

The Transformed

Awake O heau'n, and all thy pow'r's awake,
For Pan hath sold his flocke to Thetis pheer:
O how the center of my soule doth quake,
That barb'rous India should ouer-peer
Fruitful Arcadia, the worlds great Peere!
Hot fiery dust, with trickling teares ec'n weeps,
To see Arcadia's flockes drown'd in the deeps.

O how vnworthie's he a heard to be,
That leaues his flocke for ech temptation!
As, into magistrates ech man may see,
When by the means of vice th'are call'd vpon,
To execute their duteous function;
O eu'n as they are knowne, when vap'rous vice,
Breathes forth a mist of blacke iniquities;

Metamorphosis.

Eu'n so a shepheard tells where to hee's bent,
When mighty Ioue after long summers ioy,
(Of high celestiall kindnes to vs lent)
Doth please vs trie with winters sharp annoy;
Or tempt his heart with earthly seeming ioy,
Which time, if he wwith care his flock doth feed,
Shewves Ioue to's flock, and hate to's earthly meed.

But though I speake 'gainst this hypocrisie,
This hellish ill o'remask'd wwith holinesse,
Na'th lesse I neither can, nor wil deny,
That if thereby we reave no wight of blisse,
We may preuent our earthly wretchednesse.
For lawfull tis our owne harme to preuent,
If not by ill we compasse our intent.

The Transformed

Is't possible the world should yet affoord,
More cause of woe, then yet mine eies haue seene?
Can *Pluto* in his horrors caue yet hoord,
More woe then in this tragicke scene hath beene?
Is't true I see? Or do I ouerweene?
O, O, I see more then I can expresse,
Amaz'd with sence-confounding wretchednesse.

In *Delta* that's enuiron'd with the sea,
The hills and dales wth heards are peopled,
That tend their tender flockes vpon the lea,
And tune sweet laies vnto their pipes of reed,
Meane while their flockes vpon the hillockes feed;
And sometime nibble on the buskie root,
That did his tender bud, but lately shooe.

Metamorphosis.

Long while the heards enjoy'd this sweet content,
Not fearing wolvess that might their flocks molest:
(For nothing harbor'd neare that harm the meant)
And this content long might they haue possest,
Had not a beast spoil'd this their sweetned rest.
Whether the soile him bred, or foes him brought,
I doubt; seemes some that *Deities* damage sought.

Among the shrubbes had set him priuily,
To spoyle the lambes that sometime did estray;
Nor onely thus deuour'd them theeuifly;
But oft allured them from out their way. (say,
With such chaung'd voice, no mortal wight could
But that the notes were voice of man he sung:
O what deceit is lodged in the tongue?

The Transformed

This dayly spoyle through ech mans eare did runne,
At length Mauortio, a gallant Knight,
The meane whereby his Country honor wonne,
Heard of the harme wrought by Hyenn'as spight:
Scarce heard he of the spoyle, but that his sp'ite
Aethereall (not hable to endure,
His heart should knowledge of such harme immure

An honre, and th' wrong rest vñirrooted out)
Him draue as sail-swel'd barks are droue by wind,
And strait he armd him (mouting's prancer stout)
He forward pricks, spurr'd by a noble mind,
Awaited on by Truth his Page full kind,
And by a'squire that artfull strength was call'd:
Seem'd, Hercules him could not haue appalld:

Metamorphose.

Thus (pricking on the plaine) at last he ey'd
The grisly beast as in her den she lay,
Tearing a lamb with iawes farre stretch'd awide,
A seely lambkin which she made her pray,
Straight with a courage bold began assay,
How he could buckle with the monsters force:
Not meaning once to harbor mild remorse.

Downe he alighted from his milk-white steed,
And gaue him Veramount to walk o'th plaine.
Then stopt to th monster with a wise-bold heed,
Thou monstrous fiend (quoth he) thy pray refrain,
For with my sword Ile work thy mortall paine:
The beast gan looke as one that were adrad,
Fearing her future hap would proue full bad.

The Transformed

At length, as one that from a traunee awakes,
She stretched foorth her selfe vpon the ground;
And to her cursed tongue herself betakes,
Hoping hir speech wold yield best aid that stound.
Faire Sir (quoth she) tis said this soile hath found,
That I haue brought this Countries good to spoyle:
But(knight)beleeue me, I haue t'ane much toile.

To feare the wolues with changed voyce of tong
When they haue c'en beene ready to assaile
The evves that haue beene suckling their young
Then hath my speech their purpose causde to faile;
My very heart doth bleede; O how I waile
To thinke vpon the spoyle the wolues wwould make;
Did not my Care them force their prey forsake?

Metamorphosis.

To her Syrenian song, the Knight gave eare,
And noted in her speech how subtil Arte,
Her gesture framde to eu'ry word so neare,
That(had he heene a man of massiue hatt,
He would haue melted at her Mermaides part:
But he being a Knight of noble spirit:
Her tongue could not him of his heart dis'nherr.

But spurr'd him to reuenge the spoyle she made:
(Commixt with poyson of hypocrisie)
He strait unsheathes his trusty steeled blade,
And (silent) doth demonstrate presently,
The bottome of his minde effectually,
Soone as she feelesthe smart, she startes abacke,
And (for defence) with poyson hellie blacks.

The Transformed

Forth hurled from her wide stretcht foaming throat,
She thinkes t' infect the vnfected Knight:
But stou't Mauortio wore a steeled coate,
So iunctly ioyned, that in all their fight,
Hir hellish poysen, never enter might;
(All were it natur'd still to search for way:)
To saue hir life by hir foes liues decay.

Short had the fight bin, had she onely beene,
(And great his honour by hir only death)
But eu'ry drop of bloud his sword all keene,
Causde issae from hir noysome steeming breath,
Transformed were to monsters on the heath.
All with their poysen like a rounding ring:
The good encombred Knight encompassing.

Metamorphosis.

So that the more that she enhoped him,
(By deadly gaspes) the conquest soone would end;
The more his labour sprung : and seem'd to dim
Eftsoones (alas) the hope his toile did send.
Yet he of all was victor in the end.
And for this act vntill the end his fame,
Wil through the world high raise *Manortio's* name.

The Knight (about to sheath) chaunc'd turne his eie,
And spies the multitude that him enround:
Nay (then quoth he) no time approacheth nie,
To rike our leaues of this thiefe-harb'ring ground
Before *Apollo Thetis* lap hath found,
They all shall die; if heau'n doth smiling stand:
Viewing the heart of his *Manortio's* hand.

The Transformed

His Squire with artfull courage aides his knight:
Both vsde their blades vnto so good auaile,
That who had ei'd this bloudy firie fight,
Might here see maimed wights low creeping traile
Their owne hew'd limbes, there gasping iawes that
To see their limbs lopt from their bodies lie, (wails
On hugie heapes, like vnto mountaines high.

and twixt the streams of steaming blod swift running
With bloudies trunks, lop'd heads, legs, thighs, and
Vpon the riuer like dead fishes swimming; (armes,
Ere Sol with Neptune sleeped, slept their armes;
All beeing shooke with deathis all deadly charmes.
O happy houre! that so *Mauricio* ioy'd:
To see the monsters by his arme destroy'd.

This

Metamorphosis.

This noble conquest made him famouzed,
By all the heards throughout the *Deltan* soile,
Who vow'd his name should be æternized,
(Despight of Fortune and her trustlesse soyle)
In memorizing lines, which worldly broyle,
Nor Ennies canker, neuer should deface,
Long as the world retaine's her worldly face.

O peerelesse worth! O worth *Mayortian!*
Heau'n vpholding *Atlas*; wafres melodyes;
Knight of the lilly; heauenis champion;
Artes patron; Muses dearest *Adonie*;
Urania's soule refreshing *Castalie*;
Worthy the world; the world not worthy thee:
That art deem'd worthy of the deitic.

D

The Transformed

His Squire with artfull courage aides his knight:
Both vsde their blades vnto so good auaile,
That who had ei'd this bloody firie fight,
Might here see maimed wights low creeping traile
Their owne hew'd limbes, there gasping iawes that
To see their limbs lopt from their bodies lie, (wails
On hugie heapes, like vnto mountaines high.

And twixt the streams of steaming blod swift running
With bloudles trunks, lop'd heads, legs, thighs, and
Vpon the riuer like dead fishes swimming; (armes,
Ere Sol with Neptune sleeped, slept their armes;
All beeing shooke with deaths all deadly charmes.
O happy hours! that so Mauestio ioy'd:
To see the monsters by his arme destroy'd.

This

Metamorphosis.

This noble conquest made him famousized,
By all the heards throughout the Deltan soile,
Who vow'd his name should be æternized,
(Despight of Fortune and her trustlesse foyle)
In memorizing lines, which worldly broule,
Nor Ennies canker, never should deface,
Long as the world retaine's her worldly face.

O peerelesse worth! O worth Mawortian!
Heau'n upholding Aclæs; watres melodies;
Knight of the lilly; heauens champion;
Artes patron; Muses dearest Adonies;
Francia's soule refreshing Castalies;
Worthy the world; the world not worthy thee;
That art deem'd worthy of the deitic.

D

The Transformed

Of heauen it selfe, that but eu'n now lamented
The sun-fall of thy selfe, whom heau'n (disdained)
Whom heau'n's high trinity was not contented,
That in the world thy spirit be contained,
But there shuld dwel where Ioue himself remained;
For that on earth, thy spirit earth directed,
Heau'n hath thy spirit for high heau'n elected.

While heau'n did daigne the world should him injoy,
The nine-fold Sorory themselues exiled,
Euen from their native home to arts annoy,
From twyn-topt mount, vnto a place defiled,
(Where pined writ and starued art compiled)
Their harm they knew, & harm with heart imbraced,
To nurse their deare heart by their cheap art graced.

Metamorphosis.

Graced by nurses (arts nurse lightly grac'd him)
Who fed him with pure marrow of the Muses;
And when he list, with moisture to refresh him,
He drunke cleare Helicon: cleare from abuses,
He bent his mind to pure Pavanian yses,
Pavanianie, him did to heau'n vpreare:
And made to man, him demi-god appearé.

Since wisedome then vpreares a man to heau'n,
Since wisedome then (that doth high God adore)
When he of all that earth yeelds is bereau'n,
When all els failes, doth God-like him decoré,
O world erect thy blisse on wisedomes lore.
The greatest man decorés not wisedomes horne:
But wisedome doth the meanest wight adorné.

The Transformed

Pieria's darling; cleare-streaming Helicon;
Bacotia's pearle; the nine voic'd harmony;
Heart crystalline; tongue pure Castalion;
Delta's Adamant; Elysium's melody;
Urania's selfe, that sung coelestially;
Was then for Mars apt, by the Muses nurs'd,
For Mars his knights, are 'squires to th' muses first.

Downe to the world descended Mars at length,
When the Pierides had knit the veines,
That from his heart did giue his body strength,
With soule-sweet Manna, marrow of the reines;
Downe he descended, and no whit disdaines
To liue on earth, leauing the sacred skies,
Only the muses deare to Martialize.

Metamorphosis.

But (O) when Delta's hope, the muses wonder,
Foes feare, feares foe, Ioues martialist,
On Theris gan like to a fearefull thunder
Make Hydra shake with a Dodonian fist;
When Deltae deem'd her selfe in him thus blest,
Then Deltae of her hope was quite bereaued:
See how the world is by the world deceipted!

The Phœbus of his soile, scaree shewd his sheen,
And fac'd the West with similing Aurora,
When fatall Neptune with his trident keene,
(Behind him) hal'd him to his Therise,
But Ioue downe sent swift-winged Mercurie,
And charged him to lay him's wings vpon,
And be the conuoy of his champion.

The Transformed

When Mercurie approach'd the seat of Jove,
With Maevors spirit on his winged arme;
Jove daign'd descend downe from his seat above,
And him imbraced with all beau'nly charme.
Aboue the lofty skies, deuoid of harme,
Sits Maevors spirit, as a demi-god:
Instead of Mars, swaying his warrlike rod.

While Mars himself goes wafting vp and downe,
Associated with the sacred broode
That hand in hand (like an enchaining rounne)
Encompasse him: eu'n dead with want of food;
(If want may heauen hurt with deadly boode)
Much teen they bide in search for such an one:
Whom they may make their nurseries paragon.

Metamorphosis.

A pitchie nighe encurtained with clowdes
(That kept from it heau'ns star-bright comforture)
Is the sole *Theater* that them enshawdes;
Fogs, damps, trees, stones, their sole encompassure,
To whom they mone, black todes giue responsure;
Their woe is like vnto that wretches paine,
Whom (s'parents dead) no man will entertaine.

Before that death by life had stellified
Great *Mauors* spirit in the loftie skie:
Before his spirit in hean'n was deified,
Mars and the *Muses* had their dignitie,
The sacred sisters did him aptifie
For *Mars*: he kindly fed his parents want,
And made that plenty which before was scant.

The Transformed

But now (O woe) they long may go vnfed,
Ayde (mighty loue) for *Niles Crocodiles*
Are bathing in the pure *Castralian head*.
Pure horse-foot *Helicon*, their filth defiles,
Art, like *Egyptian dogs*, must scape their viles.
O dreary woe! the Muses did but sup,
And are infected with that pois'rous cup.

How like blacke *Orcus* lookes this dampy caue,
This obscure dungeon of *Cimmerian sin*,
This hugy hell! my spirit gins to rage,
To see blacke *Pluto* banqueting within
The once-form'd world with his faire *Proserpin*.
O see the world, all is by heau'n rejected,
Now that the sacred Muses are infected.

Metamorphosis.

See, where *Vrania*, onelie's seated on
The twin-top'd hill, the steeple craggy mount,
That ouer-peeres, (once) cristall *Helicon*.
There bides she eu'ry storme, that once was wont
To bathe her selfe in the *Castalian* fount.
Yet this me gladdes; though she of joy be reau'n,
Yet is she now come neerer vnto heau'n.

O where's *Mawortis*? may the Muses say:
And haue the heau'ns bereaued vs of blisse?
O heau'ns! nay O sweet heau'n fed Muses say.
Exclame not on the sacred heau'ns for this:
But as a mother (that her childe doth misse)
Lament: and be your heart from despaire wonne;
Your wombe may bring forth such another sonne.

The Transformed

And as thy Sunne not still could face the north,
But by his falling reaued thee of day;
(Because the day light's by the night put forth)
Nor can thy nights blacke hew endure alway:
Then hope sweet *Delta* hope, from murmure stay,
Thy *Phœbus* slumbreth but in *Thetis* lap:
Hee'l rise before thou thinkst of such a hap.

See that same rocke, the rocke of my defence,
Is metamorphosde to an Vnicorne:
Whose shining eies of glorious eminence,
Doth all the world with brightnes cleare adorne,
And with *Jones* strength, hir life-preseruing horne,
Hath purified the crystallized fount,
That streames along the valley of Artes mount.

Metamorphosis.

Her streaming rayes haue pierc'd the cloudie skies,
And made heau'ns traitors blush to see their shame;
Cleared the world of her blacke vironries,
And with pale feare doth all their treason tame,
Delta's Bellonian, (name of peerelesse fame)
Hath free'd Apollo from their treacherie,
And plac'd him in his former dignitie.

Come, come, you wights that are transformed quite,
Eliza will you retransforme againe;
Come star-crown'd female and receiue thy sight,
Let all the world wash in her boundlesse maine,
And for their paine receiue a double gaine.
My very soule with heau'nly pleasure's fed,
To see th' transform'd remetamorphosed.

The Transformed



Prania fits amid Pernaffus vale;

O're shelterd with an aire-cleare Canopic:

O sensē nurse! soule-sweet refreshing dale,

Gods nectar; heau'ns sweet amboianie;

Convert each river to pure *Castalie.*

That India it selfe, may sweetly raise,

Her well tun'd notes in high Ichouah's praise.

FINIS.



The Epilogue.



Now are the pitchie Curtains (that enclosde
The heau'ny radiance of Apollo's shine)
Drawne backe; and all that in hels caue reposd,
Are dauncing chearely in a siluer twine,
With heau'ns *Vrania*, shaming *Proserpine*.
Hell's *Phlegetonike* torches are put forth:
And now the Sunne doth face the frosty north.



Sacred *Apollo*, cheeres the lightsome day,
And swan-plum'd *Phæbe* gards the star-faire night,
Lest *Pluto*'s forester, should cause estray,
Darke *Cosmos* Pilgrim's wandring without light;
Heau'ns star-embroderie doth shine full bright,
Heau'ns sacred lights agree in one consent,
To driue the cloudes from foorth the firmament.

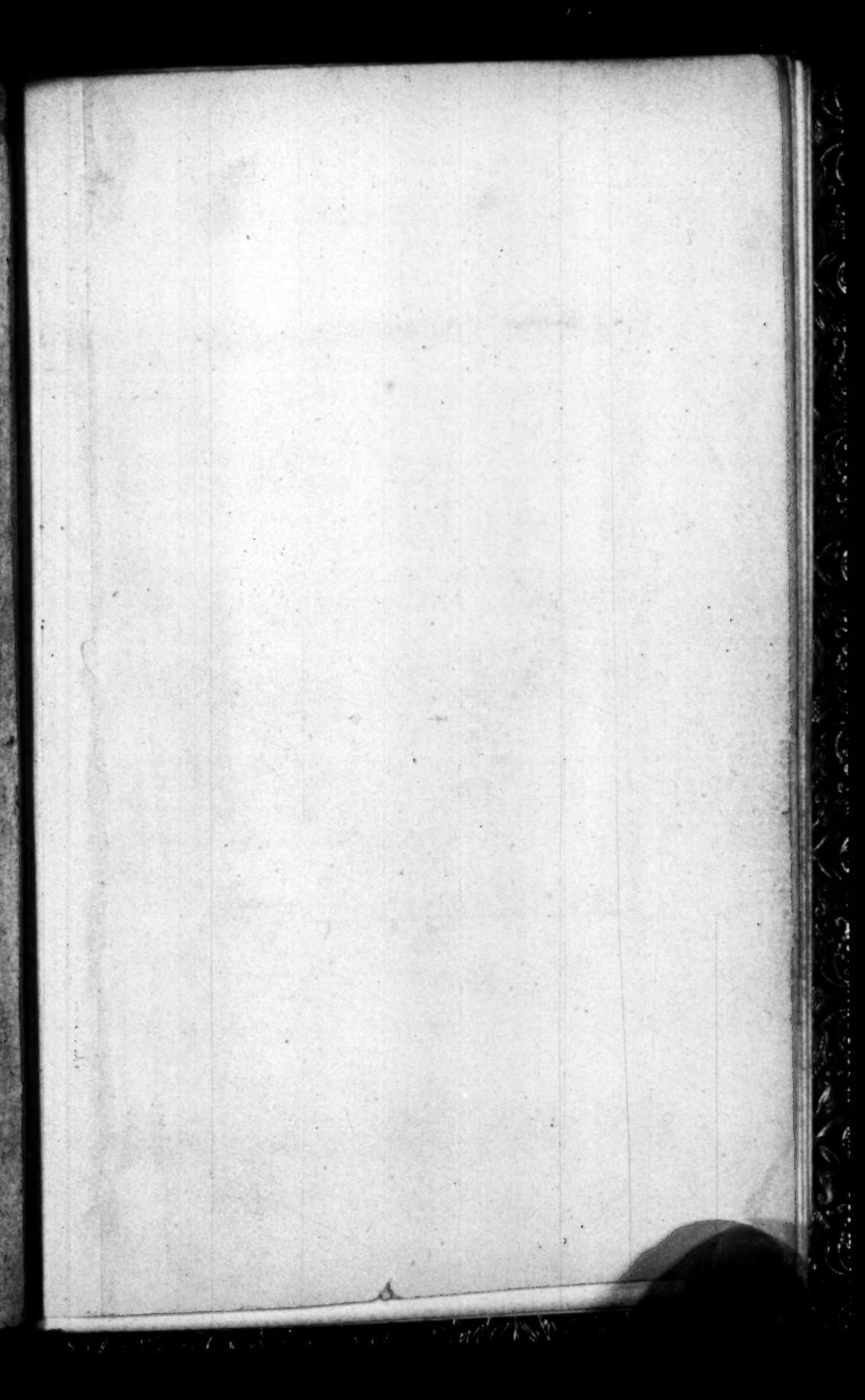


The Epilogue.

Now is the Moone nor blemisht with a cloud,
Nor any lampe(that should illuminate
And lighted eu'ry thing that heat'n doth shrowd)
Darkned ; or else my sight gin's to abate,
And s'reaued of it intellectuate.
Each obscurt cane is lightned by the day:
Or else mine eyes are forced to estray.

But when my heart was yrged forth to breath,
Fell accents of soule-terrifying paine;
My subiect was a beaut'ly tapers death;
Night was my lampe; my inke,hell's pitchy maine:
Then blame me not, if my wittes light daile waine,
Since but with night, I could with none conserue
In this my Epilog shall register.

FINIS. 17 JV94



The Epilogue.

Now is the Moone not blemisht with a cloud,
Nor an' lampe(that should illuminate
And lighten eu'ry thing that hea'n doth shrowd)
Darkned ; or else my sight gin's to abate,
And s'reaued of it intellectuate.
Each obscure cane is lightned by the day:
Or else mine eyes are forced to stray.

But when my heart was vrged forth to breath,
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